Mrs. Martin W. Littleton Leaves Capital

#### THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY.

ROBERT AMES BENNETT

#### CHAPTER XX-(Continued.)

GAIN came the gasping rattle; and this time there was no Bldke thrust himself between iss Leslie and the distorted corpse. "Get back around the free," he said,

"What are you going to do?"
"That's my business," he replied.

thrust his magnifying glass into her hand. "Here—go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."
You're not going to—you'll bury him!"

you're not going to—you'll bury not're not going to—you'll bury now at his going to—you'll bury now. It is me sight for you.

"Yes. Whatever he may have been, when the good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and it guess fadies aren't much different now he had now, poor devil! "Gor way now. It is me sight for you.

"Yes. Whatever he may have been, which is a thought packed by the hofror of that sight." I now, but stood staring as thought packed by the hofror of that sight. Taginated by the hofror of that sight. I now, have she had whitevered in the packed to comment of the sight. I want to get the flag mend that sight all the sight. I want to get the flag mend that sight. I want to get the flag mend that sight all the sight. I want to get the flag mend that sight all the sight all the sight all the sight. I want to get the flag mend that sight all the sight all th

answered.

No. I'm not going to repeat any dead man's talk; and as for what I said, this isn't the time of place to say anything in that line now that we're alone.

"I'm afraid I do not. Mr. Blake. Please explain."
"Don't ask me, Miss Janey. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. Tish't every one of them that goes ashore in these Why did you build that door? Did

you suspect"— She glanced uswithe huddled form between them.
Blake frowned and hesitated, She glanced down at the nucleic form between them. Blake frowned and hesitated, then burst out almost abgrily: "Well, you know he was a sueak, so it's not blabbing to tell that much. I knew he was before, and it's never safe to trust a

Thank you," she said, and she turn ed away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

#### CHAPTER XXI. Team Work.

the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce, downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-

heaped with broken boughs and mudspattered rubbish.

But, the girl had far too much to
think about to feel any concern over
the mere damage and destruction of
things. It was rather a relief to find
something that called for work.

Not being able to find any dry fuel,
she gathered a quantity of the least
sodden of the twigs and branches and
spread them out on a ledge in the clear
the many dry fuel.

spread them out on a ledge in the clear sunshine. While her firewood was dry-ing she scraped away the mud and lit-ter heaped upon her rude hearth. She their began a search for lost articles. When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew pot and one of

When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew pot and one of the platters in fragments. The drying-frames for the meat had been blown away, and so had the antelope and hyena skins.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remains of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flow or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence, for of course they must keep up a signal og the clift.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she kunted out her sewing materials from their orevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While she worked, she sat on a shaded ledge, with her bare feet toasting in the sun and her soggy, mudsmeared moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared the moccasins were still where she had first set them.

when a moccasins drying within reach, When Blake appeared the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins. "Hello" he exclaimed. "What's that the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break cut of the moccasins."

out a samboo right off. Gld staff's carried clean away."

"Mr. Blake just a moment, please, What have you done with with it?"
Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the chiff?" Best place I could think of. No ani Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled some stones over. But I say, look here. But I say look be supposed in the say of the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his inner and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea. "Osh-h," cried Miss Lake, as he held the say of th the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm. rough palm.
He grew it back and carefully thrust

'That's one," he said. "There's an-That's one," he said. There a another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag-dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's or more like the duchess jewelry. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and "I cannot I cannot touch it! she

cried.
Say, T didn't mean to. It was confounded stupid of me." mumbled Blake.
"Won't you excuse me?"
"Of course! It was only the the thought that - I always am a fool when it comes to ladies: I'll fix the

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it and filled it to the brim with sticky mud. thing all right."

"I do not—I am not hungry."
"That's no matter. Here!"
He forced upon her a bown of hor broth, and she drank it decause she could not resist his rough kindness.
"Cood!" Now a chunk of meat," he

"Cood! Now a chunk of meat," he said.
"Please. Mr. Blake, she protested.
"She took a bite and sought to eat, but there was such a lump in he throat that she could not swallow. The tears gushed into her eyes and she began to weep.

Blake's cloke-set tips related and he raid: "That's it; let it run out. You're overwrought. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."

the storm, and a slight breeze temperedthe sun's rays.

He kept on along the cliff until he
tursed the point. It was not altogether
advisable to bathe at this time of day,
but, he had been caught by the cyclone
in a corner of the swamp across the
river where the soil was clay. Only his
anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled
him to fight his way out of the alk-but
impassable morass which the storm
deluge had made of the half-dry
swamp. At dawn he had reached the
river, and swum across, reckless of the
crocodiles. But the turbid water of the
stream had rid him of only part of his
accumulated slime and ooze. So now he
washed out his tattered garments as
well as he could without soap, and
while they were drying on the sunscorched rocks swam about in the clear
tonic sea-water, quite as heedless of
the sharks as he had been of the croce

tonic sea-water, quite as heedless of the sharks as he had been of the crocodiles in the river.

For all this he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had finished stitching up the last slit in the flag.

She looked up at him with a brave attempt at a smile

attempt at a smile.

"I am afraid I'm not much of a needlewoman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches."

"Don't fret. They'd hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give it me now. I've got to get it up and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp; and tonight I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."

cade tonight. Toward froming I might build up the fire and take a nap." He caught up the flag and its new staff and swung away through the

He returned much sooner than Miss Lealle had expected, and at once behan to throw up a smail lean-to of bamboo over a ledge at the cliff-foot, behind the baobab. The girl thought that he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, and which, like Winthrops's had been carried away. But when he stopped work he laconically informed her that all she had, to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree.

tree.

"Doc Blake says 'no!" he rejoined.
"Not till it's dried out."
She glanced at his face, and replied without a moment's hesitancy. "Very well. I will do what you think best."
"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much-needed

He awoke just soon enough before dark to see the results of her hard day's labor. All the provisions stored in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel ready dry, and a great stack of fuer ready for burning was piled up against the backirb; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly raked together in heaps. Blake looked his admiration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.

'You oughtn't to've done so much,

'You oughtn't to've done so much, ne admonished.

"I'll show you I can tote fair:" she rejoined. During the afternoon she had called to mind that odd expression of her Southern girl chum, and ifad been waiting her opportunity to banter him with the

with it.

He stared at her open-eyed, and then laughed: "Say, Miss Jennie, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"

Thereupon they fell to chattering like children out of school, each happy to enildren out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure up on the cliff-top and the haunting fear of what another day when they had eaten their fill—and both had keen appetites—Blake sprang up with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft.

The girl looked after him with a lingering smile.

gering smile. "I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just go-ng to thank him for—for everything!" The color swept over her face in deep blush, and she darted around to er tiny hut as though some one might have heard her whisper.
Yet, after all, she had said nothing;
or at least, she had merely said "every-

## Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Jasue of The Times.

#### Magnesite Producers Have Hopes From Canal

with sticky mud.

'There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—sud it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He wen't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-chass sparklers! Will you mind its setfing in the cave after things are fixed app.

'No; not as it is."

'No; not as it is...

'No; not as it

#### To Join Cruising Party on St. Lawrence Miss Mary K Brookes Ac- Mrs. Boushand Daughter Col. and Mrs. Porter En-In Maine for Season companies Congress-

man's Wife.

and camping trip on the St. Lawrence,

The following committee of the Wo

man's National Democratic League,

Governor Wilson's nomination for

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Crenshaw and the Misses Crenshaw have closed their residence in Sixteenth street and are

Mrs. George A. King and Miss Marian Edmonston King are at Jamestown, R. L. where they will spend the month of

Mrs. Edward St. John Greble, wife of Colonel Greble, U. S. A., has gone to Lengx and is established at the Curtis Hotel for the remainder of the season.

Capt. William B. Caperton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Caperton are to entertain at dinner in honor of Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, U. S. N., at their quarters at the Newport naval training station Tuesday next.

Capt. G. T. Langhorne, of the Army polo team, entertained a party of ten at luncheon on the terrace of the Casino at Narragansett Pier yesterday. In his party were the Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Shipman. Lieut. Comdr. and Mrs. R. C. Bulmer, U. S. N.; Mrs. William Disston, Miss Miller, and Lieut. Comdr. Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Strasburger and nieces. Miss Emma and Miss Freida Sass, of Fairmont street, have returned

BLAME FOR KITCHEN

Collusion Between Serv-

ants and Dealers.

grocer, who has made a crusade

commodities of life are worth because they are utterly and absolutely re-

gardless of the cost, inside and out-

side their households. I think it only another sign of the demoralization of

our nouveaux riches and one more

ourage commerce, should find the time

to see to it that those who serve us

should be obliged to do so honestly,

unmolested by a system of graft radi

ating from our kitchens and pantries,

"It is easier, I confess, to let things slide, but we owe more obligation to our city, and this is one of the greatest. It rests much with the women of the household to handle this complex question, and if the union that should exist between women could once be cemented and woman's true status once acknowled.

and woman's true status once acknowl

edged, she will then have the weapons and the needs to accomplish better results in economies; at least, as far as the food question is concerned, if not far more reaching.

"The giving of the ballot to women alorse can regulate all matters perfein-

'The giving of the ballot to wolled alone can regulate all matters pertain-ing to the house and also awaken in her the necessity of her undertaking her civic duties."

From Death Under Train

LOCUST GAP, Pa., Aug. 7.-Patrick

Donnelly saw Frank Boyle, aged four,

spelibound on the Reading railroad, un-

able to move from fright as a train ap-

proached.

The locomotive was almost upon the boy, when Donnelly, an athlete, made a dying lean in front of the train, caught Boyle under his arm, and both landed against the side of a bank.

Pressed against the earth with the boy in his arm, Donnelly lay until the train passed, the suction of the latter almost drawing Donnelly under the wheels.

Athlete Saves Boy

continues the letter.

harm they do the community at large "It seems to me that we, who en-

storekeepers. The letter says:

tion of the newly rich.

on invitation of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson to attend the notification meeting of

through the Thousand Island region.

Mrs. C. J. Boush, wife of Captain Boush, U. S. N., and their debutante daughter, Miss Geraldine Boush, have closed their residence on Wyoming avenue and gone to Gerrish Island, Kittery Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of Congressman Littleton, and Miss Mary Point, Me., for the remainder of the K. Brookes, left Washington this morn ing for Clayton, N. Y., where they will season. Captain Boush will join them in September. join Mr. Littleton and Wilson and Douglas Littleton for a two weeks cruising

er, at their summer home, for their Congressman and Mrs. Jack Beall will leave Washington immediately after the close of Congress for their home in Miss Porter is to be one of the debutantes this winter in Washington and

Mr. and Mrs. George Langdon Whitford closed their residence on Newlands street, Chevy Chase, yesterday and left for their summer home, the Farms, at Waterloo, N. H.

Miss Clara Herbert has gone to Lenox for a visit to Mrs. Birdseye Blakeman, at Oronoque.

Governer Wilson's nomination for President, left Washington this morning for Seagirt, N. J.: Miss K. M. Dabney, acting president; Mrs. J. E. Raker, chairman or the reception committee of the Washington League, and wife of Congressman Raker of California; Mrs. George A. Armes, chairman of the executive committee of the Washington League; Mrs. Sllas Hare, National League historian; and Mrs. J. E. Hurley, registrar, Washington League. Lieutenant Commander Burstyn, the new naval attache of the Austro-Hun-garian embassy, has arrived at Bar Harbor from Washington. He will re-main until the latter part of August. George Howard has gone to Narragan

sett Pier to join Mrs. Howard and their family for the remainder of the season. Mr. and Mrs David Rothschild and daughter, Miss Therese Rothschild, left yesterday for Takoma Park, Md., where they have taken a cottage for the remainder of the summer. Charles Pennebaker will join Mrs.
Pennebaker and their family at Orkney
Springs. Va., the latter part of the
week for a short stay. Mrs. Pennebaker and her family left Washington
several weeks ago.

Mrs Jake Sanger and daughter, Miss Jennie Sanger, of U street, left today to spend a fortnight in Atlantic City. Before returning home Miss Sanger will spend several weeks in Baltimore, the guest of Mr. and Mrs Reuben Ottenbetmer. Miss Aline Stier, of Philadelphia, is spending several weeks with Miss Vir-ginia Millan.

Mrs. S. Aaron and family leave today to spend several weeks at Braddock Heights, Md. Miss Florence and Miss Lean Herman

Miss Leona Hechinger, of M street, spending several weeks in Norfolk Ocean View, and Newport News, Va Mr. and Mrs. S. Matthews, of St. Louis, are spending several days as the guests of Mrs. R. Alexander, of

Mr. and Mrs. Salvadore Richards and family and Mr. and Mrs. Stegfried Fantl, of Savannah, Ga., have taken a cottage in Atlantic City for the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. I. Goldheim and son, Willard Goldheim, left yesterday to spend several weeks as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Marks, at their cottage in Atlantic City.

Miss A. Kleeblatt and daughters, Mariam and Lillian Kleeblatt, left to-day to spend the remainder of the month at Braddock Heights, Md. Sass, of Fairmont street, nave returned to their home from an extended automobile trip to Atlantic City, Boston, and the White mountains.

Miss Daisy Marx has joined the Misses Bertha and Cecelia Lowenthal Mrs. S. Saks and daughter. Miss Sylvia Saks, and son, Jerome Saks, left during the week for a water trip to and Miss Hattle Stein at Duluth, for a trip down the Great Lakes and a fort-night's stay at Mackinaw Island, before

# MRS. BELMONT PUTS MRS. CHAMP CLARK

#### Newporters Responsible for Purpose Will Be to Restore Word to Position of Honor.

Associated with some of the most NEWPORT, Aug. 7 .- The summer prominent social workers in the country, residents of this city, in the opinion of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, are entirely Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, is getto blame if there exists a graft systing under way plans for the organizatem between some of their servants tion of a servants' club, to be made up and storekeepers. If these summer of real servants of the people. The purpeople are willing to pay more than the commodities of life are worth, in pose of the club will be to restore to disregard of the graft inside and outthe word "servant" a position of honor side of their household, Mrs. Belmont as well as to inspire members of the club to service, according to the prsays, it is a sign of the demoralizaganizer. This statement was made by Mrs. Belmont in a letter addressed today to

"lich dien" (I serve), the motto of the reigning house of Great Britain, is the Frederick P. Garrettson, a Newport motto which has been chosen for the against the giving of commissions by Those interested in the new organiza-

tion have had several informal conferences. It is understood that the case of "John Early, the Leper," is one of those which interested Mrs. Clark and her associates, and that the cases of the Government clerks who had no way "The people of Newport who deal with their shopkeepers and allow the graft system to continue, are entirely "I do not think any one more than myself approved of the attitude you took on this question last year. If the summer people are willing to pay

the Government clerks who had no way of forcibly stating their troubles also appealed to them.

Mrs. Clark has the following persons associated with her in the organization of the club: Dr. Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Frances Stockwell, Mrs. John B. Henderson, Mrs. Joseph Foraker, Miss Catherins G. Dabney, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. M. E. Driscoll, Wayne MacVeagh, Andrew Carnegie, and Mr. and Mrs. Seth Low. more than twice what food and the

#### Acid In Golf Ball May Cost Golfer His Sight

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7.-Horace G. Gamble, a golf player, may lose his eyesight as the result of the explosion of golf bail, with which he was experimenting. Mr. Gamble started on a round of the course with D. C. Cleggett, f Philadelphia,

They were using a golf ball of Engish manufacture, which had been sent to Mr. Gamble to get his opinion on it. to Mr. Gamble to get his opinion on it. The ball was very lively, and Mr. Gamble insisted upon ascertaining why. He and Mr. Cleggett returned to the club house. They screwed the ball fast in a vise and Mr. Gamble struck it with a hammer.

There was a sharp explosion, the ball was shattered, and the liquid with which it was filled flew into Mr. Gamble's eyes, the injured golf player was placed in an automobile and hurried to a specialist, where it was discovered the acid in the ball had burned Mr. Gamble's eyes.

#### Receivers Named for Motor Supply Company

On petition of three creditors L. P Loving and Thomas C. Bradley were yeserday apointed receivers of the business of W. Elkins Reed, trading as the Motor Supply Company, at 1218 Connecthe the Accessories Corpany, \$28.08. It is stated that his total liabilities are \$6,500, while his assets are valued at \$1,000. icut avenue northwest

#### Fear Philadelphia Women Were Drowned ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 7.-

The disappearance of Mrs. Irene Fulton, twenty-three years old, and Eva Cunningham, twenty-four, both of Philadelphia, and the finding of some of their clothing and personal effects in a public bathhouse has led to the belief that they have been drowned. Neither of the young women has been seen since Sunday, when they engaged bathing suits and started for the surf. Relatives from Philadelphia are searching for the women.

## FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

## The Sandman's Stories

DRUSILLA IS ILL.

BUSILLA'S little mother had been playing party in the play-room for two days; it had rained all that time and, of course, they could not get out.

One end of the room was made into a house for Drusilla by chaiking off the rooms on the floor, and into each square was set the furniture for each room, so that when it was finished Drusilla was the proud possessor of a kitchen, bedroom, dining room, and living room, and also a porch, for Drussila's little mother had furniture for all these places, and all she had to do was to add on a room with the chaik to accommodate the furniture, so it was not very expensive for her to build, you see. Then she gave her tea party and can it be?"

The rest day it rained to Drusilla she at everything the party was repeated, and all she had to do was to add on a room with the chaik to accommodate the furniture, so it was not commodate the furniture, so it was not the country and the country are the country and the c

ed all that time and, of course, they could not get out.

One end of the room was made into a house for Drusilla by chalking off the rooms on the floor, and into each square was set the furniture for each room, so that when it was finished Drusilla was the proud possessor of a kitchen, bedroom, dining room, and living room, and also a porch, for Drussila's little mother had furniture for all these places, and all she had to do was to add on a room with the chalk to accommodate the furniture, so it was not very expensive for her to build, you see. Then she gave her tea party and cook baked her some very little cakes and cut out cookies with a thimble, for cook had not forgotten when she was a

tertain Party at Bar

Harber Home.

The largest gathering of the seaso

at Bar Harbor was the garden party

daughter, Miss Elizabeth Rush Porter,

Miss Eleanor Ridgely left yesterday

for Springfield, Mass., where she will visit her brotheren-law and sister, Mr.

Personal Mention Miss Mary Chapman Dodd, daughter

Turner, of Maryland, assisted by the Rev. Edward S. Hale, was attended by

an elaborate musical program was given before and after the ceremony.

by her mother, wore ivory white satin.

of Atlanta; Lawrence Hill Green, or Washington, and Stanley Wait, of Okla-

homa.

Following the wedding ceremony at recention was held

Announcement is made from Hickory-side Lodge, Lake Skaneateles, N. Y., of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Taft Legg. Wednesday,

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Weaver are mending a fortnight at the Hotel Chal-

Mrs. Chester Morrill, of Knoxville, Tenn., is visiting her parents. Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Anderson, aat 140 U street.

Miss Gretchen Hood, who has been studying vocal music in Brussels, Is spending a fortnight of the vacation period in England, as the house guest of Miss Malzie Hanna, at the country home of Colonel Hanna, near Hingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kubel and their daughters, Miss Marie Kubel and Miss Margaret Kubel, left this morning for Braddock Heights, Md., where they will

spend several weeks.

Miss Lillian C. Paine left today for New York, from where she will sail shortly to spend several months touring in England, Scotland, and France.

Mrs. Mary Johnston, of 2145 N street, announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Annella C. Johnston, to Harry L. Miller, of New York. The wedding took place Tuesday, July 30, in Wilmington, Del.

Mr. and Mrs. Miller are now spending some time with the former's parents at

POSTMASTERS' CLERK

Member of Bar, Writes Verse, and

Now Widow of Wealthy

Chicagoan.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7 .- A few years ago

Bertha Duppler was a stenographer in

the postmaster's office. When F. A. Busse succeeded to the postmastership he made her his private secretary. Then

she married Jacob Baur, a wealthy business man. Now she is a widow, and by Baur's will is left a \$1,845,000 estate. She is made guardian of her little daughter, who will receive half

the estate. Now she will devote her executive

Now she will devote her executive ability, special training, and shrewd mind to affairs of business.

She became known as the instructor of postmasters. When the new ones came in they found her an exhaustless source of information about the affairs of the office. When they left the city she was acting postmaster, handling the reins of the second largest postoffice in the United States and finding no problem difficult.

Even the postoffice was too small to require all of her activities. She collected rare butterflies in the early morning, and studied law in the evening until she was admitted to the bar. Incidentally, she writes verse.

fonte, Atlantic City

spend several weeks,

and Mrs. Phelps Brown.

and tea given yesterday by Col. Biddle Porter, U. S. A., and Mrs. Port-

Philadelphia.

and cut out cookies with a thimble, for cook had not forgotten when she was a little girl, and then she made real teafor Drusilia.

There were little candles, too, and cheese wafers, and the wafers were the cause of Drusilia's lilness, without a doubt.

I do not know that I have told you. Mrs. Silas Hare, who went to Sea-girt N. J., today with the committee of the Women's Democratic League, will go on to New York this evening for a week.

I do not know that I have told you just how Drusilla looked. She had a very strong head, which was greatly in her favor, and her hair was brown and curled, her eyes were blue and shiny, but her mouth was her chief charm, for it was open'a little and showed her front teeth. She had a kid body and it was jointed, so you see Drusilla was a very nice doll.

The table was spread and all the nice of Mrs. Green T. Dodd, was married to Aquila Turner Robinson, jr., last evening at 8 o'clock, at the Church of the Ascension. The wedding ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. The table was, spread and all the nice things to eat put on it in little dishes, and in the center of the table was a



tiny vase with the dearest little roses, which the little mother's big mother gave her from her last summer's hat.

The paper doll was invited, and although she was very stiff and did not have anything to say, it was of great satisfaction to Drusilla to have her come to her north and see her home. satisfaction to Drusilla to have her come to her party and see her home. Baby Jones was asked also and he came out of his box as far as he could, leaning toward the table in his eagerness to see all the good things.

Teddy bear was brought from his corner and put in a chair, for he had been in the playroom so long he did not behave like a bear at all, and a well-mannered little boy could not have been more quiet.

the eating, however, but the guests did not seem to mind—they were contented the church a small reception was held at the Highlands, and later in the even-ing Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left for a brief Northeri trip. After August Is they will be at home at the Highlands. That night Drusilla had a terrible dream, and she screamed out and frightened all the playroom people terrightened all the playroom people terribly.

Bobby Jones jumped up with a bound, and even the paper doll came to her window and asked in a very anxious voice what had happened.

"O dear," cried Drusilla, "I thought a terrible animal ran right across my bed and I thought I felt it touch my face, too, it was so real that it did not seem a dream but I suppose it must

Montgomery Taft Legg. Wednesday, July 31.

Mrs. Legg was Miss Helen MacPherson, daughter of Mrs. Grace W. MacPherson, her marriage taking place in Washington a year ago.

Mrs. Fannie L. Hopkins, of the Milton apartment, is in New York for a few days en route to Atlantic City for the remainder of the summer.

"It certainly can run," said Bobby.
"And I do not believe it will come back.
You go to sleep, Drusilla, and I will
watch."
But Drusilla did not sleep any more. and Bobby Jones and the paper doll kept her company. Teddy Bear tried to watch, too, but he fell asleep in his

to watch, too, but he fell asleep in his corner.

In the morning, when Drusilla's little mother saw lier she picked her up and ran out of the room crying, for right in one corner of Drusilla's mouth was almost a hole.

Bobby Jones did not see Drusilla for several days, and when she did return he hardly knew her, for her hair was light, and, although her eyes were blue, her cheeks were much pinker. In fact, her head looked new. And that was just what had happened—Drusilla had a new head.

just what had happened—Drusilla had a new head.
"Oh, I have been dreadful sick, Bobby Jones!" said Drusilla. "And I have been to the hospital."
"Were there many horses there?" asked Bobby.
"Hospital does not mean a place for horses," said Drusilla. "It is a place where you go when you are sick to be made well."
"Oh!" said Bobby. And then he waited for Drusilla to tall him about "It."

where you go when you are sick to be made well."

"Oh!" said Bobby. And then he waited for Drusilla to tell him about it, for he did not wish to display further ignorance on the subject, and he knew that Drusilla, would tell him all about it without any more questions from him. "Yes, Bobby," said Drusilla, "I certainly thought this was the last of me. It was the most awful experience I have ever been through. You know about the party we had at my house in the corner. Well, my little mother gave me all the things to eat that she had. She pushed them right through my teeth, and it seems that my digestion was bad, so the food only went down my throat, and there it stayed, and that dream I thought I had was real. I heard the man at the hospital telling about it. He said the mouse—that was the name of the creature—was trying to get the bits of cheese wafers that my little mother had given me, and that was the trouble with my mouth.

"They had to take off my head," said

mouth.

"They had to take off my head," said Drusilia, stopping at this point of the story to note the effect on Bobby.

"Oh, oh, oh," said Bobby, his spring stretched to its full length so that he might not miss a word of this wonderful adventure.
"Yes," said Drusilla, leaning back in her chair: "you cannot imagine any-

"Yes," said Drusilia, leaning back in her chair: "you cannot imagine anything about it. But I think my new head rather pretty, don't you, Bobby?" "Y-e-s," said Bobby: "but I should not care to have mine taken off even to get a prettier one. Anyway, Drusilia, I told you not to eat everything at the party; but you would not listen to me."
"Oh. Bobby Jones! If I listened to you, I guess I should not get far from this playroom," said Drusilia. "If I hadn't eaten so much at the party. I should never have seen a hospital, and if I had not gone to the hospital I should not have had a new head. Can't you see that you say that you gave to have adventures?" seem a dream, but I suppose it must if you expect to have adventures?"
have been."
"Why, of course, it was a dream,"
Tomorrow: "Billy Pig Goes to School

#### FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

## What Is Seen in The Shops

BY THE SHOPPER.

in the summer if the proper precautions are taken? The same number that is lost by not taking any, so the thing that all sensible people should do, see ing that loss is inevitable, is to buy a pen that does not cost a great deal of money. A department store at Eighth street and Market Space, is selling a \$1 pen, which is said to give satisfaction. The mount is of plain hard rubber, with a 14k gold point. They are not prone to leak, and are appropriate for vacation or office use. One good feature is that the pen may be taken home and tried, then returned for ex-change for another, if it does not give

some time with the former's parents at their summer home in Asbury Park, N. J. They will make their future home in Philadelphia. At a fashionable men's clothing store at the corner of Fourteenth and F streets, straw sailor hats are selling at greatly reduced prices. The dilapitated appearance millinery has after being rained on a couple of times will spoil GETS BIG FORTUNE the effect of a whole costume, and the sensible thing to do is to buy a hat which will stand a few showers. The sailors sold at the shop mentioned are a smooth straw, well made, and in the colors, red, navy, brown, and black. Prices have been reduced to \$1.75. Felt hats, and some tailored hats in Milan

#### Brookline Woman In Perfect Health At 101

BOSTON, Aug. 7.-Mrs. Frank Rowell, of 12 University road, Brookline, cele-brated her 101st birthday yesterday, In catting with callers, Mrs. Rowell said: "There is only one way to grow old recefully and to enjoy it, as I have, and that is by living regularly. Go to bed regularly, eat regularly, and sleep regularly and take moderate exercise every day. I take care of my own com. I can read the newspapers and can always use my eyes, because I have taken good care of them." Mrs. Rowell was born in St. Johnsoury, Vt., and is a direct-descendant of John Alden. Her malden name was Almira Alden Blach. Her health is ex-cellent, and during the last year she has not been ill a single day.

#### Rich Man, Bitten By Pet, Dies of Hydrophobia

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 7.-Orie C. Whited, aged fifty-eight, a wealthy resident of Minneapolis, is dead of hydrophobia. He was bitten by a pet dog July 7 and at once took the Pasteur treatment.

Later the dog developed rabies, and two days ago Mr. Whited was seized with hydrophobia, which did not yield to the efforts of four doctors.

#### LOCAL MENTION

"The Battle of Trafalgar," Great Sea Feature, Today, Virginia Theater.

How many fountain pens can one lose straw are reduced to \$6,50, from \$8 and Work is greatly facilitated if surroundings are pleasant, and nothing

makes work in the kitchen more disagreeable than dingy fittings. New chairs add to the attractiveness of a room, but in so many households it is the time-honored rule for the kitchen chairs to be those that have done faith-ful service in the dining room for many years. I saw chairs suitable for a kitchen, selling for 95 cents, at a department store at Eighth street and Market space. The finish is of both golden oak and maple, and the real value is \$1.25.

The new wool fiber rugs which department stores are selling are among the most sanitary of floor coverings.

They are light and cool and lend themselves so much more easily to dusting and cleaning than do the velvet or brussels rugs, which seem to ingrain the dirt and nap. Besides, the other qualities which make these rugs popular is their price, and with the clearance sale reduction prices they are unusually increasing. At the densityment store at expensive. At the department store at the corner of Eleventh and G streets fiber and wool rugs which are worth \$10, are selling for \$5.90.

A store on Seventh street, between D A store on Seventh'street, between 1) and E streets, which deals largely in household necessities, is selling a china closet at a price which makes the purchase more than a possibility. This china closet is made of the very finest quartered oak, highly polished, and is worth many dollars more than the \$46.75 for which it sells. for which it sells.

### A Beautiful Complexion May Be Yours In Ten Days



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